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THE PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING.

THE prospect of going a journey is certainly a most delightful thing. The spirits are quite exhilarated by the anticipation of seeing new scenes, new faces, and of having a range of new ideas presented to the mind. We look with a feeling of weariness on all that is around us. We hate our homes; yes, we are actually distressed at remaining longer under our own roofs, of sleeping another night in our own beds. All is charming without; all is tedium and darkness within. Our preparations for departure, how they are attended to in every particular! Greatcoats and cloaks, that have been hanging neglected and despised for the last nine months, are taken down from their pegs, dusted, brushed, and overhauled. Our portmanteaus are brought down from the roof of the wardrobe, or from the bottom of some lumber-press, and some one about the establishment has received a commission to have them well cleaned from cobwebs and dust; and if there be so much as a buckle wanting, she has orders to go to the next saddlery shop to get it restored, and all mendings effected. Strict injunctions are likewise given to have our stoutest boots and shoes brought forth, especially that thick-soled pair of shoes which we got two years since, and which are worn with a certain capital stout pair of drab gaiters. And then what a bustle in packing! "How many shirts do you intend to take?—how many pairs of stockings?—or what suit of clothes do you want laid aside?"—are the questions asked at breakfast the day before setting out.

What with the folding of coats, so that they will not be rumpled, and the stowing away of your things in regular order in your portmanteau and bag, not forgetting a good serviceable razor and the due number of brushes, you have enough on your hands the evening before starting. But you by no means grudge the trouble—you rather think it a pleasure to be so engaged. Perhaps you are asked if you wish to be roused at a certain hour in the morning; if so, you undoubtedly decline such a friendly admonition. There is not the smallest chance of your oversleeping yourself. You are under such excitement, that you will certainly wake every half hour during the night, start from your pillow, and *feel*, or if you can, *see*, what it is o'clock. Again and again you lie down disappointed, and think over and over again upon the delights of your excursion. The hour comes at last. You are dressed in a trice; your things carried out; and in less than a quarter of an hour you are in or upon one of the many stage-coaches which are daily leaving the town in this great jaunting season for all parts of the country; in ten minutes more you are leaving the monotonous lines of streets; the houses are straggling at greater distances from each other; the last snug box, with the little parterre of flowers in front, is passed by the rapid vehicle; and now—now you are surrounded by fields with cows grazing upon them, or you are delighted with seeing a band of haymakers thus early at work, or perhaps reapers proceeding along the roadsides to their jocund labour. All you see is new; it is stamped with the freshness of nature; art is left behind; and your heart bounds to think that you are at length fairly in the country, and in a way towards speedily enjoying its innocent and happy recreations.

Temporary retirement from the bustle of cities to the quietude of rural scenery, is one of the most pleasing solacements of a busy life; it is, however, subject to a serious drawback in the numerous disagreeable circumstances which occur, the interminable series of discomforts which are experienced. Living in the country has its delights for a season. We are de-

lighted with the singing and chirping of the small birds in the leafy trees and hedgerows—with the sweet scenery along the banks of some brattling rivulet, that here falls over a tiny linn, there wimplies in an eddying corner beneath a bunch of hazels, and next gushes over a bed of shining gravel before it forms the dark circling pool beyond. We are delighted also with the innocent cooing of the pigeons as they strut and deck themselves on the gables of the cottages in the hamlet—with the fields of yellow grain which wave their abundance over the fair scene—with the loaded wains which pursue their way through the mazy byeways—with the novelty of rural life—and above all, we are delighted with the refreshing breezes which come loaded with the perfume of flowers, and yielding us health in every zephyr. How vexatious is it that these pleasing sensations are often marred with the thoughts of what is undergone in travelling to and from the abodes where we enjoy the gifts of bounteous nature! In travelling by land, we are shaken, and jolted, and cramped, kept in a continual fret about the times of starting of coaches, and plundered on all sides by drivers, guards, innkeepers, and waiters, till we are sick of the life we are leading, and sigh to be once more at home and at rest. Let us say that on the other hand we choose to proceed to our destination by sea. Ah, how glorious are our ideas of the pleasures of the voyage! The sea air is to do us so much good. Nobody ever catches cold, or is otherwise injured by illness, at sea. A little sickness to be sure; yes, there may be a slight—slight is the word—a slight degree of sea-sickness; but we are assured that it will do us a great deal of good; it will quite restore our health and appetite. Besides, it is so much easier to travel by sea than land. No dusty roads, no coachmen to pay—everything indeed is excellent. With these flattering anticipations we resolve on going by sea. We select what every body calls the best steam-vessel—that which has the least rocking motion—that which is termed "a most superior sea-boat."

Well do we recollect our experiences in these fine sea-boats, warranted not to "rock," or "pitch," or to do any thing else to upset the dignity of the passengers. It was only at times, not always, that we found the best barely tolerable. We are upon a two days' sail; the vessel sits majestically on the water, with every thing prepared for the cruise; the spare steam is hissing from the safety-valve; the deck is fresh and fair; the sun shines gaily on the water; the air is pleasing, and the wind is considered to be on the whole "pretty fair" for the direction we are to take. All is lightheartedness and sober glee. The trunks and baggage are piled away in their proper quarters, and as each lady and gentleman comes on board, there is a run towards the cabins to select what are imagined to be the most agreeable berths. This affair is not long in settling; you are entered on the "ship's books;" and all having made their arrangements below, the parties next rush upon deck to see the departure take place. Clustered in small groups, or anxiously pacing the deck, they for the moment enjoy the luxury of excitement, the pleasures of independence—they are let loose from toil—they are resolved to be happy.

It is a pity that people cannot always be happy when they wish it. It is unfortunate for travellers by water that the wind has a way of its own, and has little or no regard for the comfort of those who are compelled in a great measure to put their trust in it. It may be observed, that, even in the midst of those means of happiness we have selected, we cannot help feeling fidgetty. On board of the smoothest sailing steamer, and with the finest weather overhead, we are

often at a loss how to make the most of our time. Walking on deck grows tiresome, or you are annoyed with the particles of soot wafted on the gentle breeze from the chimney; or the weather is too sultry, and the scent of hot grease at the midships discomposes your sense of smell; and you perhaps descend to the main cabin, for the purpose of seeking a book wherewith to solace your ennui. Have you ever noticed the people on board of steam-boats trying to read? We say trying, for it is only an attempt. The thing is really amusing. At each corner of the sofa-like seat that runs along the sides of the cabin, may be seen one of these unhappy idlers. One, we perceive, has picked up an odd volume—for all the books in a steamer, be it remarked, are at sixes and sevens, not a complete work to be found—he has picked up an odd volume of *Peveril of the Peak*. It is the volume which contains the admirable description of Julian's purchasing the horse at Liverpool from Bridgesley, who, when he heard that the Commons of England were in want of horses, inwardly passed a resolution to increase the price of each animal in his stud twenty per cent. But this and other passages equally witty and entertaining, do not interest the reader we speak of. True, his face is reading, but his mind is thinking on something else; his eyes are not steady to the page, and on the least motion of any one about him, they look off to see what is going forward. Not the most transcendent of literary productions can fix the attention of these idlers over odd volumes and stray magazines and newspapers in the cabins of steam-vessels. Any stir that disturbs their ruminations, any bustle upon deck, will make them fling down their books, and fly off to have their share, personally or by observation, in the fun or frolics that may chance to be acting.

It is very delightful to lean over the rails of a steamer making its busy way down such a pleasing estuary as that of the Clyde, the Thames, the Tay, or the Forth, when the sun shines out from a clear blue hemisphere decorated and subdued with varied fleecy clouds, and glistens on the green and white scenery on the banks and in the distance. But it is not so when the vessel leaves the smooth tide, and gets into waters troubled with an opposing gale or breeze. 'Tis then the heart sickens; then we almost wish ourselves fairly out of existence, at least once more with secure footing on the beach. As for food, we loathe it. Hastening to shun the observation of our fellows, and to procure as much privacy as our unhappy situation will permit, we glide like evil-doers to our several dens, and there try to gain a respite to our troubles in the inner man. Prostrated on our backs, and groaning at every lurch and roll of the vessel, we now have a glorious specimen of the pleasures of travelling. Then we are so deplorably in want of the kindly attendance we usually receive at home. We lie all day fallen in spirit and destitute of any thing like proper nourishment. We hear overhead the clatter of dishes and all the ceteras of dinner; but we cannot join the merry throng which is about to sit down in the grand cabin. Darkness comes; still we have no repose. The incessant tramp-tramping of the wheels in the water shakes us into wakefulness, however we may fix ourselves in our hammocks. We are also agonised by the perpetual creak-creaking of the timbers, and ever and anon startled by the cries, the whistling, and the bawling of the crew, as they shift the sails and trim the vessel to the breeze. At length, even these distressing sounds, from their very continuity, lull us into a doze: and we are lying in a state betwixt sleeping and waking, when all at once we are roused to perfect recollection by the sudden supernatural silence

that prevails. The dread cry of "Stop her! Stop her!" is heard echoing in bass and tenor through the vaults of the engine-room. What a strange sensation then creeps over us! We are overwhelmed by the terror of an unknown danger. Perhaps the vessel is sinking! Being by no means willing to be drowned in bed, we of course start from our lair, and by the dull twilight of a glimmering lamp swinging overhead, huddle on the readiest garments we can lay hold of, and then make the best of our way to the deck. "What is the matter, steward?" bursts from us as we come into the cold air above. "Oh, nothing at all, sir," is the answer: "a fog has come on, and we were only near running down a Newcastle collier; but now all's right; we shall be off again immediately." This is no doubt agreeable news, after the fright we have got; so we creep back to our couch, and try once more to procure a little rest. But it won't do; it is of no use to try to sleep; and after an hour or two of perturbation of feeling, we are stunned with overhearing one of the seasoned able-to-sit-up passengers telling a companion, that, in consequence of the fog that came on at twelve o'clock, so much time has been lost that it will be quite impossible to reach our destined port on the evening we expected. Oh, how we gasp in agony at the thought! What, another night still! Another period of darkness amidst a foul atmosphere, in a place which as much resembles a coffin as a bed! Nevertheless, our patience, which has long since been worn out, must be resumed. What can we do but submit?

Need we recal to the remembrance of any one who has experienced these pleasures of travelling, the feelings which possessed them when they at length jumped upon solid ground, when they felt the substantial firmness of the quay, after the everlasting shake-shaking and heaving of the billow-sustained vessel, in which for days and nights they had been miserably immured? It would most likely be equally useless to bring to their recollection the real, the unsophisticated delight they enjoyed on once more seating themselves in their own easy-chair in their own comfortable parlour—their wife, daughter, or sister, sitting opposite, and pouring out a cup of finely-scented congou or pekoe, and their luggage stowed away in their dressing-room, no more to be disturbed for the ensuing twelve months; while they look around them, and recollect that they can now enjoy some degree of comfort without having a "bill" thrust upon them by a crew of greedy sycophantish attendants. They are, in short, in "their own house"—a term of unparalleled endearment—and albeit unused to the art of singing, cannot easily help themselves from bursting out every now and then with—"there is no place like home!"

FUNERAL CUSTOMS OF NATIONS.

THE EGYPTIANS AND MAHOMMEDANS.

THE Egyptians are beyond a doubt one of the most interesting nations of antiquity; and having, as is now well known, acquired a vast amount of knowledge connected with every department both of the arts and sciences, every relic or investigation that can throw light upon their history must ever excite the greatest curiosity and interest. The manner in which they disposed of their dead has been in particular a subject of much controversy. Their mummies have been opened by men of science; their pyramids visited by the most intelligent travellers, yet still their method of embalming, and the object for which these stupendous structures were built, are by no means satisfactorily determined. Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus are the two ancient historians from whom our information on these subjects is principally derived. Both agree, that when an Egyptian died, it was customary for the relations and friends to besmear their faces with clay, and, leaving the corpse, run up and down the town filling the air with their mournful ejaculations, at the same time beating themselves in token of their grief. They then gave the body to be embalmed to persons who were appointed by the laws to that office, and who obtained thereby their livelihood. When a dead body was brought to them, they exhibited to the friends of the deceased models of mummies highly finished and painted on wood. The first of these represented the most sumptuous way of embalming, which they did not think it religious to give any name to; it cost a talent of silver, and was very magnificent; the second was inferior in execution, and cost only twenty mines; the third was still more mean, and the cost quite inconsiderable. They then asked the relations which of these three modes of embalming they preferred, which being determined, and the price agreed on, they took their departure, and left the embalmers to commence the operation. The first person, termed the scribe, began by marking

on the body the length of the aperture which was to be made in the left side; he then appointed a person to make the necessary incision in that direction; which being done with an Ethiopian stone, the person so appointed ran away pursued by curses, and assailed by missiles thrown at him by the bystanders; for they regarded persons as guilty of a grievous offence, and worthy of hatred, who wounded a human body under any pretext. The embalmers, however, were held in high esteem; they lived in familiarity with the priests, and were permitted, as sacred persons, to enter into the sacristy. Through the incision made in the side they drew out the intestines, which were thoroughly washed with palm wine, and then covered with pounded aromatics. They then filled the body with powder of pure cassia, myrrh, and other spices. They next extracted the brain through the nostrils by means of a crooked iron, and poured into its place a certain balm. Having sewn up the body, it was covered with nitre for the space of seventy days; which time they were not allowed to exceed. They then washed the body, bandaged it in rolls of linen cloth, and anointed it with gum. "After which they returned it with all the appearance," says Diodorus Siculus, "of a living man, to the relatives, who had it enclosed in a wooden box made in the shape of a human figure, and deposited in the repository of the dead."

This was the most costly method of embalming; but for those who wished to be at less expense, the embalmers adopted the following method:—They neither drew out the brains nor intestines, but injected into the body a liniment made from the cedar. This done, the body was immersed in nitre for the space of seventy days, after which they drained away the liniment of cedar, which brought along with it the contents of the abdomen. The nitre having dried the flesh, "so that," as Herodotus describes, "nothing else remained but skin and bones," the body was returned to the relatives or friends, to be consigned to its sepulchre. The last kind of embalming which was appropriated to the poor consisted in forcing only a particular kind of lotion into the body, and immersing it in nitre for the space of twenty days. Besides these three kinds of embalming, the researches of Belzoni lead us to believe that other distinctions were observed in the manner of embalming the high, the middle, and the lower classes. That intelligent traveller informs us that the first class of mummies he found lying in horizontal rows, the cases in which they were enclosed being made of Egyptian sycamore, and very richly adorned with figures well painted. The inferior class of mummies, or those not buried in cases, were in the proportion of about ten to one of the better class, and it appeared to him that after the operation of the nitre adopted by the mummy makers, the bodies were dried by being exposed to the sun—a circumstance which we apprehend deserves particular attention.

These particulars concerning the methods of embalming the dead adopted by the Egyptians being premised, we proceed to explain how these precautions may be presumed to have operated in preserving the body. It would be a frightful task so far to explore the "secrets of the tomb" as to depict all the changes which the body undergoes in being resolved into its original elements, and for this reason, in the articles which we have published on the "Philosophy of Death," we have refrained from entering on this subject. Here, however, we are called upon to explain the theory of the operation of embalming, in doing which we shall enter into some particulars concerning the state of the body after death, which we apprehend to be of practical importance. Immediately after death, if the person die suddenly in the prime of life, the physiognomy of the body is expressive of composure so perfect, repose so profound, that painters and many observant individuals have not failed to recognise therein a picture peculiarly affecting and solemn. Surely, then, it is natural for us to ask, How long does this state last? How many hours or days must elapse before "decay's effacing fingers" begin to spread a change over the features and form of the deceased? On what are the changes which then occur dependent? In what manner is it possible for them to be retarded? These are questions of the greatest interest, the solutions of which are not calculated to shock the sensibilities of the most timid inquirer. It is necessary to observe, that every animal body is composed of solids and fluids, and it is the decomposition of the fluids which constitutes the first stage of the changes that occur after death. If the fluids, therefore, contained in the dead bodies of animals be frozen by excessive cold, or evaporated by dry heat, putrefaction will not take place. On this account the bodies of animals buried in snow or ice have been found unchanged after a long series of years. So also animals buried in the hot sands of Egypt and Arabia become completely dried, and remain unchanged for centuries. Applying the fact practically, we have seen persons who have died suddenly in very cold weather preserve signs of life for many days. Not many winters ago a man died suddenly of apoplexy in an asylum near Ilington. He was carried home to his friends, who could not believe that he was dead. They insisted that he was in a trance, and sent for several

medical gentlemen to see him. In this state he remained for nearly a week, during the whole of which time his countenance retained its natural appearance, and was suffused with a slight blush. This was owing doubtless to the very cold weather, and the circumstance of the individual having died in the prime of health. Below 32 degrees and above 100 degrees, the process of decomposition is interrupted. Besides a moderate temperature, the access of atmospheric air is necessary for the decomposition of animal bodies, for the gases evolved from the body enter into new combinations with those of the atmosphere. If, then, we apply the principles now mentioned to the operation of embalming, as adopted by the Egyptians, we shall perceive the cause of their mummies being preserved for so many centuries. The first step in the process of embalming appears to have been that of taking out the contents of those cavities where the greatest quantity of fluids, and extraneous substances introduced by the aliment, are lodged, and then supplying their place with various dried spices. The second consisted in immersing the body in nitre, a substance having a great avidity for moisture; and hence, according to the description of Herodotus, leaving the bodies which were subjected to its action "nothing else but skin and bone." The last part of the process consisted in swathing the body in a linen cloth, steeped in gum or glue, whereby it would be effectually protected from the influence and moisture of the surrounding atmosphere. Add to this the probability, according to the surmise of Belzoni, of their having applied heat in addition to the nitre, to expel the moisture from the body, and we have an ample explanation of the preservation of their mummies.

The modern Egyptians are strangers to the art of embalming; nevertheless, they observe great care in the disposal of their dead. "As soon as a person dies," says Sonnini, "the Egyptians hasten to press the different parts of the corpse to free it from all impurities, wash it several times, shave it, pull out all the hair, stop up every aperture closely with cotton, and pour over it odoriferous waters, so that all its pores are penetrated with the perfumes of Arabia. After a profusion of these attentions to cleanliness and marks of respect for the inanimate remains of the deceased, the corpse is committed to the earth, and deposited in the bosom of eternity. A little pillar of stone, terminated by a turban, is erected over the spot where the head of the deceased reposes, and to this mark his friends repair every Friday to repeat their melancholy adieux. The women never fail to pay these visits, and express their hopes and regrets in religious ejaculations; the tears of the daughter water the face of the mother, and the sighs of the mother prolong in her mind, with painful remembrance, the existence of the children she has lost."

The Turks, after embracing the laws of Mahomet, altered and modified many of their funeral customs, according, as might be anticipated, to the tenor of their new creed. Whenever a Mahomedan died, the surrounding relatives immediately commenced making the most doleful ejaculations. "It is not," says Thevet, "with them a hard matter to know how many die in a city; for as soon as any one is dead, the women begin to bewail them, and by the sad noise they gather their neighbours together, who continue the same lamentations, relating, with tears in their eyes, the good and noble actions of the deceased." A similar custom, we have already seen, was adopted by the ancient Jews, and is still prevalent throughout the East. The Mahomedans then proceeded to prepare the body for interment, which they did in the following manner:—They washed it, and then shaved off all the hair excepting a single tuft, which they left on the head; they then wrapped it in linen cloth, leaving the head and feet at liberty, and deposited it in the coffin, not on the back, but on the side, in order that the face might look towards Mecca. The funeral took place at mid-day—the following being the mode in which it proceeded to the mosque, or else the place of interment:—Persons holding official religious situations, or priests, walked first; next to them the male friends of the deceased; then appeared the coffin, borne on men's shoulders, with the head foremost; then followed the immediate male relatives; and after them, closing the procession, the female mourners. It was customary for the bearers of the coffin to relieve each other very often, as each conceived it meritorious to render every assistance on so solemn an occasion. The procession thus formed did not move along with slow solemnity, but as fast as possible; the men all the way singing prayers out of the Koran, and the women shrieking aloud. In general, the Mahomedans buried their dead at a distance from their cities and villages, where a large extent of ground was allotted for the purpose, each family having a particular portion of it walled in like a garden, where the bones of their ancestors had remained undisturbed for many generations. In these enclosures the graves were distinct and separate, each of them having a stone placed upright at the head and foot of the grave, with the name of the person interred inscribed on it. The intermediate space between the graves was either planted with flowers, bordered round with stone, or paved with tiles. "As for great personages," says an old author, "they differently make choice of their sepulchres according to their various inclinations and fancies. Some of 'em cause themselves to be buried in curious and pleasant gardens, planted with abundance of trees, and embellished with flowers; which gardens they

encompass about with strong walls, that no beasts may enter them, walk over their graves, or in any way disturb them; this seeming an insufferable thing to them even after death. Others order their coffins to be carried into mosques, where they are placed on the ground, covered with their canopy and turban, with several lamps continually burning round them. After this manner are the graves of all the emperors formed, and particularly that of Mahomet himself at Medina." The tombs, it may be added, of the richer classes of Mahomedans, varied considerably in their forms: some were shaped like pyramids, others were square; in all, the body was placed in the centre.

The Mahomedans, like the ancient Jews, were accustomed to visit, at stated periods, the graves of their relatives and friends, over which they wept, and testified by outward signs the sincerity of their grief. Nothing could exceed the reverence they entertained for the sanctity of the grave. "With us," says a Turkish writer, "all graves, even those of our enemies, are esteemed by our religion sacred things." So punctilious were they on this point, that a traveller, named M. de Villamonté, was nearly stoned to death for riding on horseback through a place where some poor Turks had been formerly buried—the place being still accounted sacred by them, even although not the least sign of any grave remained. Not only did this people perform mournful ceremonies in honour of the dead whom they interred themselves, or who were buried in their own neighbourhood, but they mourned also with public solemnity those who were absent from them when they died, and were buried at a distance. The traveller Irwin has given us an amusing account of a mourning of this sort, occasioned by the death of a merchant named Mahomet, "which," says he, "gave birth to a mournful procession of females, who passed through the different streets of the town uttering the most dismal cries for his death. In the centre of these was a female of his family, who carried a naked sword in her hand, to imitate the weapon by which the deceased fell. At sundry places the procession stopped and danced around the sword to the music of timbrels and tabors. They paused a long time before our house [the writer and his companions having been on ill terms with the deceased whom they now lamented], and some of them made threatening signs to one of our servants, which agrees with the caution we received to keep within doors. It would indeed have been dangerous to face this frantic company, whose constant clamour and extravagant gestures gave them all the appearance of the female bacchanals of Thrace recorded of old." He furthermore in his journal observes, that the next morning he was awakened before day-break, by the same troop of women still doing honour to the memory of Mahomet. "Their dismal cries," he says, "suited well the lonely hour of the night, and I understand that this custom lasts for the space of seven days, during which interval the female relations of the deceased make a tour through the town, mourning and beating their breasts, throwing ashes upon their heads, and displaying every artificial token of sorrow." Ceremonies like those now detailed, however sincerely performed in honour of the dead, are significant of the superstitious notions which must ever prevail among an unenlightened people.

MUIRSIDE MAGGIE,

A LEGEND OF LAMMERMUIR.

[By Miss Margaret Corbett.]

SOME years previous to the commencement of our story, the gudeman of Tullishill (a pasture farm in the uplands of Lammerrmuir, on the estates of the Earl of Lauderdale), after mourning a proper time for the death of his first wife, had wedded a young orphan, named Margaret Lylestone, who brought nothing to her husband but a frank blithe temper, a kindly heart, and a comely face; and pretty Menie, Tullishill's only child by his first wife, blessed her stars for having given her such a stepmother.

During a long period, Tullishill and his Maggie enjoyed uninterrupted happiness; for although his years nearly doubled hers, the gratitude she felt for being taken from a state of dependence to be the gudewife of Tullishill, well supplied the place of more ardent feelings; and when, in consequence of failing crops and sheep smothered in the snow, poverty and distress unexpectedly invaded their once cheerful dwelling, her heart clung but the more kindly to the old man; and she strained every nerve to save him from the ruin which seemed to be fast approaching. But all would not do; and the dreaded term-day was now close at hand, and no rent prepared for their landlord.

"Maggie," said the old man as he sat at the ingle cheek, "Maggie, I'm daized with thinking what's to come ower us; and my poor auld head can devise nae way but aye to get us out o' thae sair straits; so you'll just speed your ways to Thirlstane, and see what you can make o' the earl. Ye'll just tell him that fient a bawbee hae I to pay my rent, and if he'll no gie us time, I kenna what's to become o' us."

"Keep up your heart, gudeman," replied Maggie, "and I'll do your errand with right good will; for though I ne'er had speech o' an earl a' my days, and folk say he's but a rough-spun burly chiel, I'll no boggle to face him to tell a true tale; and wha kens,

Tullishill, but that he may gie us a lift out o' this blough o' Despond yet?"

"Maybe, Maggie, maybe; but certes your great folk, wha ne'er has had their tae tramped on by the black dog, canna be expected to ken what puir bodies hae to waele wi'; and little do they think how sair it is to bide the cauld blasts o' poortith, and the smash o' them that hae mair o' this world's gear than their neighbours. There's Willie o' the Hillside, whom I mind a bare-legged herd-ladzie at Kirdiebraes, had the impudence to say I surely didna guide my sheep right, or I wadna hae lost sae mony o' them. It sets him, I trow, to gab to me that was a grown man afore he kent a hogg frae a gimmer! But bide a wee; it'll maybe be his turn neist to lose his sheep; and gif a hunder or twa were smoured i' the snaw, troth I wadna greet my een out."

"Deed, gudeman," answered Maggie, "it's a wonder to me that you fash yoursel' about him; let Willie just maunder on about the sheep, and never let on ye ken or care what he's hawering about."

"But, Maggie, d'ye no think it wad put up the birse o' any man to be telled he didna ken the trade he was born and bred to? Haith! gin I hear ony mair o' his gab about my sheep, I'll sheep him."

"Tullishill," said Maggie, "it's mair than time for you to be in your nest; mind, gudeman, what I hae afore me the morn, and let me hae an hour's quiet to settle in my mind what I'm to say to the earl."

"Be sure, Maggie," said the old man as he rose to prepare for bed, "be sure to tell him that the maist feck o' the sheep were smoured i' the snaw. If ye can fleech the earl to forgie us the rent, that will be ae good deed done by a woman's tongue; and take but this sack o' care aff my heart, and I'll ne'er say ye nae to ony thing you may ask, as lang as there's breath left in this auld rickle o' bones. But hap my back, woman; I'm cauld without and I'm cauld within. Hech! but this is a driegh weary wark; and what wi' ae thing and anither, a feckless auld body like me is amaist driven doited."

"Now, mind, gudeman," said Maggie, "if I speed in my errand, I'll keep ye to your bargain."

"Ye're unco ready," said the old man, as he poked his head above the clothes, "ye're unco ready to take a man at his word. Hech, sir! folk should take good care what they say afore ye, my woman, when ye're sae gleg to click them up; I see what ye're after; but I tell you ance for a', Maggie, that my pet lamb shall ne'er gang into ane o' Willie's pens. His lang-legged son Jamie needna come a-courting here. Sae gude-night to ye, wife," he added, as he fluffed down under the clothes, "and let's hear nae mair about that job."

"Gude-night, Tullishill," answered Maggie, quietly; and leaving the old man to his repose, she repaired to the apartment of her pretty stepdaughter, whom she found weeping bitterly.

"Menie, my bairn," said Maggie, "this is no right; dry your een and comfort your heart. There's nae fear but that your father will be brought out o' this strait."

"But, mother, if my father canna pay the rent, what will become o' us? Robert o' the Lea says the earl is a hard man, and roupit out auld Willie Johnstone last Martinmas, 'cause he wanted five pund o' his rent; and if he does the same to us, it will break my very heart. Wae's me! if I maun leave bonny Tullishill, where I hae lived sae lang and sae happy."

"I hope, my bairn," said Maggie, kindly, "that that is no likely to happen; but if it should be sae ordered, I trust you'll no shame the godly example of your gude father and forbears, by gieing yourself up to sinfu' despair at the first gloom o' fortune." Maggie now proceeded to give her stepdaughter instructions how to employ herself during her absence.

"Now, my dear bairn, ye maun be up besides the morn, and I trust you'll no forget to do as I shall bid ye. There are the three bows o' potatoes to be sent up to the laird o' Scantrigs, and Jamie has promised to bring his father's cart to take them up; but ye needna fash your father wi' telling him wha is to take them to the laird, for ye ken he's no that weel pleased with Willie o' the Hillside, and that makes him look sae dour at Jamie, poor chiel, wha has nae faut that I ken o' but that o' being Willie's son, and I doubt that's past remed; however, we'll get your father to look over that. I wish ye could gar him lie in his bed the morn; he wad be weel out o' your road; but I doubt ye'll find that a kittle job."

Early the following morning, Maggie was seen wending her way to Thirlstane. On reaching the castle, she entreated an audience of the earl, and the request was quickly granted. "I hae come, my lord," said Maggie with honest frankness, as she made a rustic courtesy, "a' the way frae Tullishill, to tell ye a' our distresses, and to ask you to forgie us the rent till better times come round. The sheep are amaist a' smoured in the snaw; and scant pasturage was there for the poor things, for the April snaw ne'er melts on the lands o' Tullishill. Sae, to make a lang tale short, my lord earl, we're no able to pay our rent; and if ye dinna help us, I kenna wha will."

"Are you the wife of old Tullishill, my good dame?" said the earl, as he looked with admiration on her frank and blithe countenance. "That I am, your worship," answered Maggie; "and though I say it that shouldna say it, a better husband never lived;

and hadna he been driven doited wi' the dunts o' misfortune, he wad hae been here himsel' to tell your lordship's honour his ain tale." "Tullishill, my pretty dame," replied the earl with a smile, "consulted his interest fully as well in sending you to tell me the story of your mishaps. Why, a man must have a heart as cold as the unmelted snow on the Lammerrmuir hills, to be able to resist such a pleader. But if I agree to your request, what am I to get in return?"

"Our thanks, our prayers, and our blessings," answered Maggie with fervour, "and maybe our help in your hour o' need; for the king may come in the cadger's road, and there are nae sae high but that they may hae a fa'. But take my gudeman out o' the pit o' despair, and I'll bring him here the morn, to thank you on his bended knees."

"No, no," said the earl, with a good-humoured smile; "let Tullishill keep among the hills of Lammerrmuir, and come yourself to see me." "And will your lordship really help us out o' our distress?" "I hae half a mind not to promise that now, just to bring you back again." "I canna think that," replied Maggie, with a dignity that astonished the earl; "ye hae mair kindness than ye'll let on, and mair humanity than to keep an auld man atween life and death, when ae word o' your mouth can send joy to his heart. I see by your een that ye canna gainsay this, and that there's a yea or a nay coming. I told Tullishill that I would speed on my errand; and surely, surely, my lord earl, you'll no let me be a fause prophet."

"I see, Maggie," said the earl, smiling, "that you want to have it all your own way; but if I agree to your request, you must let me name the terms."

"I will be blithe to do that," answered Maggie, with a look of honest confidence, "for weel do I ken that your lordship will ne'er ask mair than I an' mine may fairly and freely grant."

"Well, then, Maggie," replied the earl, "I freely forgie you the rent that is due; and if you will only bring me a snowball in June, you shall sit rent free as lang as you will." Overpowered by the generosity of the earl, Maggie poured out her gratitude in thanks and fervent benedictions. She then, with a joyful heart and light step, turned her back on Thirlstane Castle, and took her way homewards.

When Maggie once more made her appearance at Tullishill, her first action was to throw her scarlet mantle to the other end of the room, and to send her straw bonnet spinning after it; her next was to take her husband round the neck, and give him a hearty kiss. "The deil's i' the wife!" said Tullishill, considerably discomposed by the vivacity of Maggie's movements; "is this a time for daffing?"

"Nae better, Tullishill," replied Maggie, "for we are brought out o' a' our straits this day! Hech, man! but my heart's just rinnin ower with joy; and I dare say my een too," continued Maggie, as she wiped away a tear. "And is it sae?" replied the old man; "His name be praised! But, Maggie, woman, tell us a' about it—tell us a' about it." "Fient a bit o' me will tell you a word o' the matter," said Maggie, with a smile, "except that ye are to pay nae rent this term, and maybe as little the next."

"Maggie! Maggie! you're surely maundering," "Maundering or no maundering," answered Maggie, "it's as true as I tell you; but ye're no to ask me ony questions, for I'll no answer them; but this I will say, Tullishill, that I'll ne'er put muckle faith in the character that the world gie to ony body. The earl is called a burly chiel; but a mair fair-spoken, civil gentleman, I ne'er saw atween the een. He has nae mair pride than our colley there, and spak to me in the same hamely way that I'm doing to you, gudeman. To hae heard him, ye wad hae thought I was his marrow. But I'm dead wearied; sae we will just return thanks for the mercies o' this day, and then step away to our beds, for my feet are blistered, and my een are gathering straes."

From this time forth every thing flourished with Tullishill; and as even his sheep prospered and grew fat, his displeasure against Willie o' the Hillside was considerably mollified. Enough, however, still remained to occasion the youthful lovers many anxious hours; but cheered with the hope of vanquishing his enmity, they continued to love on, and left the event to time and fortune.

"What's that you're doing, Maggie?" said Tullishill to his wife, one fine morning in April, while she was busily employed in scraping together a large quantity of snow. "I'm gathering our rent, binney," replied Maggie, with a merry laugh. "That's a puir joke, wife." "But I am no joking, gudeman," replied Maggie, as she gaily shovelled the snow into a deep cleft of the rock, and strewed a quantity of oatmeal over it.

"Are ye gane clean gyte, Maggie, that you're wasting the gude meal that way?" "It'll no be wasted," said Maggie; "that pickle snaw will be worth mony gowden guineas to us afore a' is done, for as little as ye think o't."

"Weel, Maggie," responded her husband, "if it's your pleasure to divert yoursel' wi' gathering snaw-ba's, I'm sure I'll no be the man to hinder ye." "That's right, Tullishill; and take my word for't, that my snaw-ba's are not to be sneezed at, for they'll bring us profit and pleasure baith, or I'm mieta'en."

Many a time and oft did Maggie visit her concealed treasure, where it remained undisturbed till the month

of June; when one fine morning she sped to the rocky dell, where even the rays of the summer sun could not penetrate, and, assisted by Malcolm, one of Tullishill's young shepherds, rolled the snow into a ball about three feet in diameter. She then desired him to bring round the cart, which stood prepared for her expedition, and into which Malcolm lifted the gigantic snowball.

On reaching Thirstane, Maggie was told that she could not possibly see the earl, as he was then at dinner with a party of friends. "But I maun see him," replied Maggie; "I maun see him, though the king himself were taking his dinner wi' him. I am come here by the earl's ain commands: see you'll just gang and tell him that Muirside Maggie has keptit tryst, and is here waiting his pleasure."

"I cannot believe, good woman," said the servant, "that the earl desired you to come here to-day; and yet, if it should be so, I would not like to turn you away." "Ye had as good no," answered Maggie; "but if ye dinna believe me, gang and ask the earl himself, and no stand gawking there as if ye had seen a warlock." Thus admonished, the servant disappeared, and soon returned to usher Maggie into the presence of the earl.

"Ye'll believe me another time, my man," said Maggie, with a good-humoured smile; "but ye maun now help me to row this snow-ba' ben to the earl: I canna gang before him wanting that." "Is the woman out of her senses?" exclaimed the domestic; "what the mischief is the earl to do with that mountain of snow?" "That's between him and me," said Maggie, with great composure; "but sin' ye winna lend me a helping hand, I maun e'en take the herd lad wi' me;" and as the domestic did not think proper to object to this, he quickly ushered Maggie and her treasure-bearer into the presence of the earl.

"I hae come, my lord earl," said Maggie, with a curtsy down to the ground, "according to my tryst; and I hae brought you a sample o' the April snaw frae the lands o' Tullishill. And now that I hae kept my word, I wad fain hope that your lordship will no gang back o' yours." And so saying, Maggie rolled the snowball to the feet of the earl, much to the amusement of the guests, who seemed to enjoy the singularity of the scene, the cause of which the earl quickly explained.

"Well, Maggie," said the earl, "I must allow that you have fairly earned your reward; and here I declare, in the presence of this company, that the gentleman of Tullishill shall sit rent free all the days he has to live. And now, my blithe dame," he added, filling a bumper of claret, and presenting it to Maggie, "pledge my toast, that, should any of us e'er be placed in difficulty or distress, we may find a Muirside Maggie to plead our cause, and help us to our ain again." "With right good will I shall do that," answered Maggie, as she took the offered glass from the earl; "and may ye find as kind a heart, and as willing a hand, as ye hae shown to us when we were up to the neck in the cauld pit o' poortith!" "Bravo, Maggie!" said the earl, as he rose to drink the toast; and amidst the shouts and huzzas of the party, Maggie quitted the apartment, and gaily sped her way to Tullishill.

On seeing the joy of her husband at the intelligence which she brought to him, Maggie felt herself richly rewarded for her exertions; but the pale cheek of her stepdaughter reminded her that there was yet one thing to complete her happiness; and this was the consent of the old man to receive Jamie for his son-in-law, a point which Maggie, "fleeching sorra," as her husband called her, had hitherto failed to accomplish.

Time passed on; but while it restored peace and plenty to the board of Tullishill, it was preparing a very different fate for his benefactor, who, having in the ensuing civil war adopted the cause of royalty, was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and committed to the Tower. This news spread grief amongst his friends and retainers, but none took it so grievously to heart as Muirside Maggie, who directly set her wits to work to devise some mode of assisting the earl.

"Gude-man," said she, one evening, as they sat lamenting over the misfortunes of their landlord, "it will no do for us to besitting here wi' our hands afore us, when he wha has gien us bread to eat is clapped up between four stane wa's. Clavering about his mishaps winna mend them: we maun be up and doing, and no be daddling here, when we dinna ken what straits he may be in. That Tower o' London maun be an awfu' place: folks say there are wild beasts there; but, beasts or no beasts, we maun try to get at the earl."

"But, Maggie," answered her husband, "how can we help him, when he's ae straitly shut up and watched?" "A gowden key will open ony lock; and we canna better war our siller than in gieing a pickle o't to him that has a right to a' that we hae."

"I dinna begrudge the siller, and I would soon let you see that, if I kent how to get it to him."

"I ken a way to get it to him; but I'm no gaun to tell what it is, for ye wad be saying this'll no do, and that'll no do; but just gie me ane o' your bit bags o' gowd, and ask me questions about it."

"Weel, gudewife," said Tullishill, "I'll let you take your ain way this time; but, for the future, I tell ye plainly I'll hae nair to say in my ain house; nee man

likes to see his wife aye roosed up, and himsel' cast by like an auld kail runt."

"Fie, gude-man!" said Maggie, with a coaxing smile; "how can ye speak that gait, when a' body kens ye hae half o' the hail sense i' the parish. I doubt na that ye would guide this matter far better than me; but I hae just ta'en a notion to try, and ye're no to say me nay."

"Weel, Maggie, a wilfu' wife will hae her way; see there's the key o' my kist, and ye may mak a kirk and a mill o' the money-bags in't. But I'll awa to my bed, for this ill news has made me heavy."

"Ye canna do better," said Maggie, who, as soon as the man was out of hearing, cried, "Run, Menie: run ower the brae, and tell Jamie to come down to the back o' the fall dyke, for I want to speak aenat a matter o' life and death."

As soon as she had seen Menie set out on this mission, Maggie placed her good Culross girdle on the fire, and with eager haste baked a large bannock, which she seasoned with a costly ingredient. She also bound up in her long hair, under her head-gear, some of the same talismanic dross. These operations were scarcely performed, when Menie returned to tell her that Jamie was waiting at the dyke. Away went Maggie; and after a short conference, she returned to the house; and bidding Menie bring her a sheet of paper and the bottle of lark, she set down to the difficult task of inditing a letter. This important affair completed, she kissed Menie, and sent her off to bed. Maggie's next exploit was to array herself in the Sunday clothes of Malcolm, the young shepherd; after which she wrote and left a letter for her husband, explaining the cause of her absence. We need not follow Maggie in her long and fatiguing journey, during which she was accompanied by the faithful Jamie, nor detail the difficulties she experienced in her endeavour to get into the Tower, which she at length accomplished. Struck with the simple fidelity of Maggie as an old retainer of the earl, and as one who wished to sympathise in his misfortunes, the warden consented that she should be admitted.

"Oh, man!" said Maggie to her guide, as he led her on, "I wish I could let ye in to hae a crack wi' the earl; it would do your heart gude to hear me telling him a' about our bonnie country, and its bit burns and streams—the Ettrick and the Sliverick, the Feeder and the Leeder, the Fala and the Gala, the Ale and the Kail, the Yod and the Jed, the Blackadder, the Whitadder, the Tevriot, and the Tweed. But I doubt it wadna answer to take ye in wi' me; the earl mightna like to be fashed wi' fremis folk." "I dare say not," replied the soldier, good-naturedly; "but this is the door of the earl's room: I must lock you in; but I'll not be long in coming for you."

No sooner did Maggie find herself in the presence of the earl, than, hurrying up to him, she dropped on her knees, and, amidst sobs and tears, cried out, "Wae's me, wae's me, that I suld ever see this day!"

"Who are you, my good woman? and what has brought you here?" asked the earl. "Wha suld I be but Muirside Maggie, that you took out o' the mirk pit o' grief; and I maun hae had a heart like a whinstane if I could hae forgotten a' ye hae done for us. But I maun haste to tell my errand. This is what brought me here," she continued, snatching off her cap, and unplaiting her long hair, from which fell a goodly number of gold pieces.

"Why, Maggie, this is like a fairy tale," said the earl. "I've mair yet! I've mair yet!" cried Maggie, as she broke the bannock, and showed it to the earl, stuffed full of gold; "I havana time to pike the gold out o' the bannock, so ye maun e'en just let me put it in your pouch;" and Maggie hastily crammed the bannock into the earl's pocket.

"Well, Maggie," said the earl, considerably affected by this proof of her gratitude, "I accept of the assistance you have brought me, in the same spirit in which it is offered. It may perhaps be the means of helping me to my own again; and should that day ever arrive, you and yours will not be forgotten." "Dinna speak that gait; it's only your ain that I've brought you; if we served ye by night and by day on our bended knees, it would be a' ower little for your mercy to us in the days of our great distress. But, guce sake, there is the soder! I maun awa. Oh! get out o' this place as fast as you can, and come hame again to your ain bouny heathery hills."

The soldier now appeared, and conducted Maggie to the Tower gate, where she found Jamie waiting for her. "It's a' right," said Maggie; "but dinna speak to me yet: I'll tell you a' about it when we get into the hostelry."

We shall not stop to describe Maggie's journey home, nor the joy with which she was received there. Suffice it, that Tullishill's heart was so much softened by happiness at her safe return, which the good dame insisted was in consequence of Jamie's great care of her, that he consented to the immediate marriage of the lovers.

To complete Maggie's delight, she soon after heard that her golden key had unlocked the prison of the earl, who made his escape to Holland. The restoration soon afterwards relieved him from his troubles, and advanced him to a higher worldly prosperity than he or his family had ever previously enjoyed; and he had gratitude and good feeling enough (whatever was his general character as a private man, or as a party

politician) to reward the generous devotedness of Maggie, by giving her and her husband a free lease of Tullishill for the term of their own lives and that of their daughter Menie. This boon of honour and gratitude was conferred by the hands of the earl himself, who at the same time threw round his benefactor's neck a rich silver chain, for the adornment of her handsome person—a gift still carefully preserved by the descendants of the family, respectable farmers in Berwickshire, as a memorial of the singular and fortunate enterprise of "Muirside Maggie."*

EYES.

THE power of vision in the eye is commonly selected as the most striking evidence of design in the Creator, and is certainly the most wonderful and incomprehensible of the properties of animal life. The laws of vision are said by scientific men to depend on general laws connected with light, and in the action to which rays of light are subjected in passing through substances which permit this passage. Anatomists inform us that to see an object there must be the cornea, the aqueous humour, the pupil, the crystalline lens, the vitreous humour, and the retina; and all these parts of the eye must be in a condition to perform their several offices. But all this does not account for vision. Outward objects may be represented in our eye as in a mirror; but how these representations are known to the mind, is a mystery: all we know is, that there is a connection, by means of nerves, between the retina and the brain; yet how these nerves act on our understanding, no one can explain. Agreeably to the philosophical theory of vision, it would seem to us that there must be one sort of construction of the eye adapted to act with reference to one uniform and invariable law of nature. But this is not the case. The Creator has contrived many kinds of eyes, to suit a variety of animated beings, men, beasts, birds, fishes, and insects; and every distinct kind has its own incomprehensible wonders. The exceeding sensitiveness of the eye would expose it to irreparable injury, and it might soon be destroyed if such means were not given. In the human form it is set and protected in a bony cavity, surmounted by a barrier of short hairs, which prevents it being deluged by the perspiration which pours down our forehead. Should any injuries occur to it, they may be remedied by the hand, a member which in the lower animals is in this case supplied by peculiar and happy contrivances of nature. Birds generally, and many animals, and the horse among others, have a third eyelid, the constant action of which may be easily observed, and so curiously adapted to use, that it can be passed over the outer surface of the eye in almost an instant, and by its action all offending substances are wiped away. On examination, it is found that this eyelid moves on mechanical principles well understood, but in this instance marvellously applied. In the horse, the third eyelid is moistened by a pulpy substance, by which the dust on the eyeball is wiped clean off; so that the eye is hardly ever seen with anything upon it, though greatly exposed from its size and posture.

The keenness of vision in birds of prey, which see at very great distances, and also at very short ones, requires another special arrangement. The eye of these animals is so constructed that it can, by means of pliable scales on the outside of the ball of the eye, and by muscles drawn over them, so diminish or enlarge the size of the eye, that it will perform its duty as to an object, however near and however distant it may be. This power of vision enables birds to see, from their airy elevation, far beyond the reach of the human eye, over a wide extent, and to discern their food by an instantaneous glance. So perfect is this keenness of vision, that they are enabled to know whether the object seen is living or dead, though the position of the body may be the same in either case.

By far the most remarkable arrangement regarding the eyes of animals is observable in the vision of the insect races. In this instance the eye is fixed to the head; whether because there is not room to turn it conveniently, or because another provision is better, is of no consequence. Such is the fact; and see how nature has compensated the want of the moving process. In the common fly, which offers a ready example, are seen two small round projections at the side of the head. These little dull protuberances are not single eyes. Each projection contains many thousands of eyes disposed in rows, each one of which is capable of transmitting an impression of outward objects; and by this means the fly can see as well behind as before, as well down as up, and is therefore put on its guard against attack. A German naturalist counted 6236 eyes in a silk-worm. Another naturalist counted 14,000 in a drone fly, and 27,000 in a dragon fly. It has been proved by actual experiment, with the help of microscopes, that each one of these eyes was capable of receiving an independent and distinct impression. The inference seems necessarily to be, that the retina of these insects may receive, at the same time,

* The above story is from the *Friendship's Offering* for 1829, and is founded on an incident related in "The Picture of Scotland," by one of the editors of the present work.

some thousands of impressions without any confusion; which is far more wonderful than the single impression made on the retina of our own species, and on those of other animals, who have two eyes with a retina for each.

The little insect or fly that skims about so merrily, and shoots so rapidly along pools of water, requires to see both upwards and downwards at once; and so nature has kindly provided for their comfort in this respect, by fitting a portion of their eyes on the upper part of the head, and another portion below; they hence see into the air and into the water at the same time.

Naturalists have remarked a beautiful arrangement of a provisional character in the case of bats. These animals fly chiefly during a period of night, and build their nests in the inner recesses of dark caverns; they must, therefore, be able to direct themselves through the air by another sense than that of seeing. It has been found that if the eyes of bats are destroyed altogether, and leather glued over their sockets, and if even their ears and nostrils be at the same time rendered useless, they will still continue to direct their flight as well as before, and avoid in their course through the air the smallest threads and other objects hung up to intercept them. They can likewise thread the mazes of a cavern without hurting themselves on the walls, and in this state of total blindness and deafness, and destitute of the power of smelling, they will go directly to their nest-holes. The provision in this instance appears to be in the sense of touch. The fine membranes of the wings have such a delicacy of touch, that by this means alone, in its passage through the air, the animal becomes aware of the proximity of objects, which it takes care to avoid. Unless it was possessed of this faculty, it could not, during darkness or twilight, avoid those objects which might obstruct it in its rapid flight.

THE ANNUALS.

STORY OF AN EAST INDIAN BOY.

WITHIN the last ten, and more particularly the last four or five years, quite a new species of publications has been established under the generic title of *ANNUALS*. They can hardly be called literary productions, for few of them contain any printed matter of great value. Their principal literary merit has consisted in now and then some pretty good stories, written by popular or fashionable authors; and the chief aim of their publishers has evidently been to make them pretty picture-books. To accomplish this end, no expense has been spared; in some instances, indeed, no less than ten thousand pounds have been expended in the "getting up" of a single edition of an Annual. The arts of drawing, engraving, and bookbinding, have here been carried to an extent formerly inconceivable. There can be no question that the skill now displayed in the pictorial embellishments of the *Annals*, exceeds that put forth in any other department of the fine arts in England. The genius of painting and sculpture sinks before that of our copper and steel-plate engraving, which now surpasses that of any other country. In this respect, therefore, the *Annals*, often humble though they be in literary pretension, have tended wonderfully to advance this department of the fine arts.

Already some of the *Annals* for 1835 have made their appearance, to delight us with the exquisite beauty of their embellishments, and to put us in remembrance of those kindly affections which they are intended to cherish and exercise at the approaching Christmas. First we would speak of an exceedingly elegant book, entitled "*JENNINGS'S PICTURESCAPE ANNUAL*." The subject of the volume seems to be a Spanish romance, and it is illustrated with a series of engravings of the most exquisite beauty. The drawings are by Mr D. Roberts, now acknowledged at the head of British architectural painters, and are designed to pourtray some of the more striking remains of Spanish and Moorish grandeur, especially where connected with naturally picturesque landscapes. We recommend this work most earnestly. The next which has attracted our attention is entitled the "*ORIENTAL ANNUAL*." This beautiful volume consists of sketches of East Indian scenery, life, and manners, with an abundance of anecdotes of tiger-hunting and other sports in the East. It is embellished with a number of exceedingly fine engravings, executed from the drawings of Mr Daniell, and such as will charm every one with their novelty and sweetness. It is quite refreshing to turn from views of the Rialto, Italian castles and monasteries, which the *Annals* have been crowded with for some years, to sketches of the interior of Mahomedan mosques, Hindoo temples, cool shady groves of palm trees, men riding upon elephants, or sultanas reclining at open verandahs in the seraglio, with attendants play-

ing on lutes, while all around them are scattered the trifling but rich ornaments of oriental palaces.

One of the chief merits of the *Oriental Annual* consists in its being a readable book. It possesses a number of little sketches which will be perused with pleasure, and which we might extract for the benefit of those who will not have an opportunity of seeing the work itself. The following interesting anecdote connected with the city of Lucknow will doubtless gratify a number of our readers:—

Some thirty years since, the captain of an Indian man residing in this city, obtained an introduction to a Persian lady of great personal attractions, of whom he shortly after became enamoured. She returned his affections, and they married. The lady being in possession of great wealth, the husband relinquished his profession, and took up his permanent abode at Lucknow. Here he resided with his wife for upwards of three years in great domestic comfort, during which period she bore him three children. From this time the father was absent until the eldest boy was about seven years of age, when he brought him to England in order to obtain for him the advantages of a European education. It happened that the father, for some reason now only to be surmised, led his child to suppose that he was not related to him, but merely a friend to whose care he had been committed during the voyage. Almost immediately upon their arrival in this country, the father suddenly died without revealing to his charge the relationship subsisting between them. As the boy bore the complexion of his native clime, and the features of the race from which he sprang on the maternal side, he was looked upon as a half-caste by the relatives of the deceased, who had never been informed of the father's marriage; they therefore considered that they made a suitable provision for him by binding him an apprentice to a grocer, with whom he served his time, and proved a faithful and assiduous servant. When the period of his apprenticeship was completed, the relations of his late father gave him a hundred pounds, and cast him upon the wide world to seek his fortune, at the same time discouraging any expectation of future assistance; glad to be thus easily freed from the claims of one whom they deemed an incumbrance.

Without patron or friend, the deserted youth had little chance of establishing himself in his business by securing a respectable connection—a half-caste being looked upon with a kind of conventional prejudice, which it is to be hoped the late act of Parliament in favour of this slighted race will tend speedily to subdue. Thus circumstanced, he was at length reduced to such a state of destitution, that, in order to prevent the accession of irremediable poverty, he became an itinerant dealer in tea, and in this humble capacity contrived to realise an uncertain subsistence, which he rendered still more precarious by adding to his domestic responsibilities that expensive blessing—a wife. He married the daughter of a labouring carpenter, with whom he casually became acquainted, without any portion but her beauty and household dexterity. She was a comely woman, and, fortunately for him, turned out an excellent manager; his expenses were therefore not materially increased.

Having been represented to the servants of a gentleman residing in the country as an honest fellow who sold excellent tea for a small profit, he found among them a ready sale for the commodity in which he dealt; and though they were keen chaffers, and generally pushed a hard bargain with him, still he was constant in his attendance upon them, as the establishment was large, the sale therefore considerable, and his money returns quick. His civility moreover was appreciated, so that he always found a ready welcome among those merry domestics.

He was one day upon the point of quitting the house, when he chanced to pass the master as the latter was ascending the steps of the portico. The gentleman seemed suddenly struck with his appearance, eyeing him with an eager and somewhat impatient curiosity. The poor huckster, for he occasionally sold other things besides tea when he found he could turn such traffic to profitable account, felt abashed at the rigid and unexpected scrutiny, touched his hat with a tremulous obsequiousness as he passed the lord of the mansion, and made the best of his way home, fearing that the gentleman had entertained some unfavourable suspicion of him. As soon as he had retired, the master asked his servants what they knew respecting him, and though this was very little, it was still sufficient to induce him to desire again to see the itinerant tea-dealer; he therefore gave orders that he should be apprised the next time the latter called. This was accordingly done; and when the poor fellow was introduced to the great man, he began to entertain fears that he was labouring under the odium of a base suspicion. The old gentleman commenced by questioning him about his birth and parentage. His replies at length convinced the inquirer that the humble vender of tea was the object for whom he had been some time in search.

It happened that this very gentleman was residing at Lucknow at the time of the captain's marriage with the Persian lady, and was in fact the only European, besides her husband, with whom she had been acquainted. He was moreover present at the marriage, and the sole attesting witness. The widow had

latterly written him several earnest letters from Lucknow, imploring him to use his best endeavours to recover her boy, of whom she had heard nothing for nearly twenty years. Upon receiving an appeal so urgent and affecting, the kind-hearted friend did his best to discover the lost son; but having no clue, and finding his efforts and in disappointment, he had abandoned all hopes of success, when the resemblance of the huckster to the Indian lad, as the former quitted his house on the morning of the preceding day, struck him so forcibly, that he felt instantly convinced of their identity, which his subsequent inquiries confirmed.

The old gentleman now made the long-neglected half-caste, as he was considered to be, acquainted with every particular of his birth, informing him that the person who brought him to England was his father, and that he had a mother in India who was longing to clasp him to her bosom. She had deposited several thousand pounds in the Calcutta bank for his use, should he be discovered, and was inconsolable at his mysterious absence. Her affection never for a moment subsided; she had mourned for him as for one dead, though not without a hope of still meeting him, in spite of her long and bitter disappointment.

This intelligence came like a light from heaven upon the friendless outcast. He could for the moment scarcely believe so flattering a reality; but it was indeed true that he who had for years been reduced to the hard necessity of trudging about the country with a hawk's licence, abandoned by those relatives who should have protected him from such degradation, was destined to come into the possession of great wealth, which his former privations have taught him how to enjoy. His newly discovered friend furnished him with immediate letters to his agent in Calcutta. He secured a passage without delay, and after a prosperous voyage, reached the City of Palaces, whither his mother quickly repaired, with a large retinue, to receive and convey him to her own magnificent abode at Lucknow. Shortly after his arrival, he sent to England for his wife, who followed in the first ship that sailed after the receipt of his letter. These latter transactions took place within the last three years. The parties are now at Lucknow, living in splendour and happiness. These few simple facts might furnish the groundwork of a romance of no ordinary interest. Their authenticity may be relied on.

A FEW DAYS IN FRANCE.

THE LOUVRE AND THUILERIES.

HAVING sauntered through the arcades, galleries, and gardens of the Palais Royal, and noted the exquisite taste with which that extensive structure has recently been completed, our attention was next directed to the palaces of the Louvre and Thuileries. These splendid edifices are not, like the Palais Royal, hemmed in on all sides with crowded streets, but occupy a most advantageous situation on the north or right bank of the Seine, from which river they are separated by a long line of noble quays. The palaces of the Louvre and Thuileries, though two distinct buildings, should be taken as forming only one edifice, and be viewed as a whole. The Louvre is the most ancient of these structures, and that which usually attracts the chief notice of strangers. The present edifice, which replaced a castle of great antiquity, was begun in 1528, in the reign of Francis I., and was slowly carried towards completion by Louis XIII. XIV. and XV. At the revolution, the building presented signs of decay and ruin, and immense sums were required to complete it. Bonaparte having resolved to undertake it, the work advanced for fifteen years, and was brought into its present finished state. On the side next the Seine, the Louvre presents to the delighted eye of the stranger a magnificent line of building, composed of a basement and peristyle, surmounted by a balustrade, the whole ornamented with pilasters, central and lateral projections, and medallions. The various rows of windows are also appropriately decorated. To render the effect more striking, on this quarter the Louvre is connected with the Thuileries on the west, showing an uninterrupted though not a straight line of the most elegant architecture for the better part of a mile. The chief entrances to this structure are found to lead from a court which is entered from four grand gateways. This court is a perfect square, one thousand six hundred feet in circumference, enclosed with four piles of building. Besides the four grand gates that lead into the court from the street, there are twenty-four doors leading from the apartments, surmounted by circular windows, and ornamented with allegorical figures in bas-relief. Some idea of the magnificence of this structure, next the court, may be formed when it is stated, that, besides the sculptures, marble tablets, and niches, of which there is a profusion in every part, it is ornamented with no fewer than five hundred and thirty-eight Corinthian columns and pilasters. Each of the

four fronts to the court is, however, differently decorated with figures in relief, which it would be endless to describe, and must be seen to be appreciated. I should also mention that the exterior of the building on all its sides is likewise variously ornamented; for I remarked, that not only here, but in every other elegant structure, the French are not contented with erecting a fine front, but display their architectural skill on all the sides of a building.

On entering the interior of this splendid suite of buildings, you find that the ground floors are sectioned into *salles* or saloons, with tessellated marble pavements, and pillars of the same material, and are devoted to the exhibition of sculpture and other substantial works of art; and that the galleries above are disposed for the exhibition of paintings of the ancient and modern masters of the various schools. To give but a faint idea of these splendid halls, will require a separate article; it is here only necessary to state, that the Louvre, stripped as it is of many of the great efforts in sculpture and painting which it possessed prior to the restoration of the Bourbons, still exhibits no deficiency of pictorial embellishment, and offers to the visitor a sight unexampled for unity of design in any part of the world, and such as cannot fail to raise feelings of admiration and wonder in the mind of the most commonplace spectator. These galleries, as well as the *salles* below, are continually crowded with visitors from all parts of Europe, every one being admitted gratis—strangers by exhibition of their passports—and you may at all times notice numbers of young artists of both sexes engaged in copying the best pieces on the walls.

The western front of the main pile of the buildings of the Louvre faces an open area or parallelogram, the opposite or western extremity of which is occupied by the central structure of the palace of the Thuilleries. On the south side of this extensive area, which is upwards of a thousand feet in length, ranges the noble line of buildings which connects the two palaces already spoken of. On the north side of the area, which is called the Place de Carrousel, a similar wing is projected from the Thuilleries half way towards the Louvre, and it is now in contemplation to continue the line so as to completely inclose the area. At present, this area is disfigured with some private edifices partially taken down, and which, when removed, will leave the Place de Carrousel entirely free of any structure save that of the triumphal arch—a monument erected in 1816 to the glory of the French army. The height of this isolated pile is forty-five feet, its length sixty, and its breadth twenty and a half. It resembles the famous Roman arch of Septimius Severus, being composed of three arches; its mass is of fine freestone, and eight Corinthian columns of red marble, with bases and capitals of bronze, adorn the principal façades. A car with four horses, in bronze, ornament the platform on the top. On all sides, and in the insides of the arches, are seen the most beautiful sculptures, chiefly of allegorical objects.

The principal part of the palace of the Thuilleries, looking from this arch, measures upwards of three hundred yards in length, and exhibits a style of architecture equally beautiful with that of the Louvre, but greatly injured in effect at the centre and ends by tall slated roofs, in an old French taste. The chief entrance is at the centre, where there is a lofty vestibule supported by marble pillars, and leading through the building to the gardens behind. The gardens of the Thuilleries, which burst upon our sight on emerging from the central entrance of the palace, are at once peculiar from their style, and impressive from their extraordinary extent. In the foreground are seen an elegant arrangement of parterres, white marble vases, statues, and fountains; while in the distance, on either hand, rise solid masses of stately trees, through which, directly in the centre, a broad avenue of about two miles in length pursues a straight line westward, and is terminated at the summit of a gently rising ground by the triumphal arch de l'Étoile. The arrangement also includes some beautiful terraces, both contiguous to the palace and along the sides of the gardens. At certain points of these terraces, there are placed some of the finest marble sculptures, copies from the antique. Both the broad open walks and terraces are further ornamented with a large number of orange trees, each growing from a square green-painted box, removable to a more secluded spot during the winter months. The beautiful yellowish-green tints of these orange plants contrast finely with the darker foliage of the trees, the brilliant colours of the flowers, and the pure white of the sculptured figures. I should mention that the garden is bounded both on the side next the town, and that next the river, by a splendid tall iron rail, which, like all such erections in France placed around or pertaining to royal residences, is painted of a bright green colour, and tipped with gold. The clustering masses of trees seen in the distance on either hand cover what is termed the Champs Elysées, or Elysian fields, a name sufficiently high-sounding, yet which is somewhat appropriate, for the trees are every where disposed in converging radii or avenues open to the public, who may here walk or re-

cline on benches in the shade during the highest heats of summer. The gardens of the Thuilleries and these umbrageous walks seem to form a favourite resort of the Parisians. As in the case of the gardens of the Palais Royal, here, during the whole day, but particularly in the evening, may be seen thousands of well-dressed persons of both sexes walking about enjoying the scene, or sitting on the rush-bottomed chairs which are strewed about for their use. A further temptation to visit the gardens in the afternoons and evenings, is the playing of one or other of the regimental bands, which station themselves near the palace, and regale the inmates with some of the finest military music. Amongst the thousands of persons of different classes of society, and of all ages, from the child in a pinafore to the prim sexagenarian in the costume of a bygone era, the stranger is delighted to witness the harmony and the simplicity of manners which prevail. No work of art is touched, no individual is molested, no improper expression is uttered, and the whole scene seems to partake of the elegance and propriety of a drawing-room.

The gardens of the Thuilleries, which suffered during the revolutionary tumults, were greatly improved and beautified by Bonaparte. One of the principal improvements in Paris effected by this presiding genius, was the planning and erection of the Rue Rivoli, which bounds the gardens of the Thuilleries on the side next the town. The Rue Rivoli is a long single line of building, running the whole length of the gardens. It is built, as usual, of fine white freestone, of excellent architecture for private dwellings, public or government offices, and places of business. The basement is composed of a lofty colonnade and arcade, which, when entered at either extremity, appears to be of a very extraordinary length. Prince's Street, Edinburgh, approaches nearest in character to the Rue Rivoli of any street in Great Britain; but the houses in Prince's Street are greatly inferior in aspect, and do not rest on an open basement, and no street that I know of can show such an extensive line of arcades. The Rue Rivoli, which thus hems in the town, and closes the view of many inferior thoroughfares, is intersected at divers points with streets in nearly the same style of architecture, leading from the Rue St Honoré and the parts beyond. These modern streets are generally called by names derived from popular political movements: one is entitled Rue Pyramide, from the celebrated battle of the pyramids in Egypt; another Rue d'Algers; and a third Rue 29 Juillet. One, which is called Rue Castiglione, leads to the open octagonal space called the Place Vendôme, which may be termed one of the chief sights of Paris. This Place is about four hundred and fifty feet across, and is surrounded, except at the openings of the converging streets, by fine lofty buildings ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, and used as private dwellings. It is not, however, the buildings of the Place, but its central structure, which attracts the notice of the visitor. In the centre stands the famous triumphal pillar which Napoleon erected to commemorate the success of his arms in Germany, in the campaign of 1805, and which rests upon a spot, which, till 1792, was ornamented with an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. Napoleon's Pillar is an imitation of the Pillar of Trajan at Rome, and the total elevation is one hundred and thirty-five feet. The pedestal and shaft are built of stone, and covered with bas-reliefs, in bronze, representing, in a spiral form, the various victories of the French army. The bronze plates composing these representations are produced from twelve hundred pieces of cannon, taken from the Russian and Austrian armies, and melted for the purpose. The summit of the pillar, which is approached by an interior winding staircase, is ornamented with a figure of Napoleon standing on an acroterium of the usual dimensions. The original figure of Napoleon was pulled down with contumely in 1814, when a white flag was planted in honour of the Bourbons; but this emblem has in its turn been displaced, to give room for the present figure of Napoleon, which was recently erected amidst the triumphant acclamations of the Parisians. The statue is in bronze, of elegant workmanship, and represents Bonaparte in his usual contemplative attitude, and looking towards the Thuilleries; he however wears the cocked hat which is always given to his figures, and this greatly detracts from the classic elegance of the statue. The bronze figure of the Duke of York at St James's Park will be allowed to be superior in point of attitude and tasteful arrangement of the garments; but Napoleon's statue in the Place Vendôme is nowhere else surpassed in Britain by similar figures.

To return to the gardens of the Thuilleries. These elegant grounds, at their junction with the Champs Elysées, are cut across by a wide open space, by which the road from the Rue Rivoli turns southward towards the Seine, where it is crossed by the Pont or Bridge Louis XVI. This area, which was once called the Place Louis XV., but is now termed the Place de Concorde, is of an octagonal form, and is bounded on the north, in continuation of the Rue Rivoli, by two royal structures, each two hundred and eighty-eight feet in length, of exquisite Grecian architecture, resting on colonnades and arcades. Between these two edifices a short street runs northward, and is terminated by a beautiful modern structure ornamented with a row of pillars and a pediment. Turning from this well-arranged group of buildings on the

north, the stranger is enchanted with the appearance of the gardens of the Thuilleries and their terminating balustrades on the left, the Champs Elysées on the right, and the Bridge of Louis XVI. straight forward on the south. The view in this last direction may be termed the most striking in architectural grandeur and multiplicity of objects; for it includes not only the bridge and its various figures, but the Chamber of Deputies immediately beyond, and the domes of various other public structures on the south bank of the Seine, particularly the huge dome of the Hospital des Invalides, which towers aloft in the distance. This is by far the finest bridge in Paris. It was executed towards the end of the reign of Louis XVI., and a number of its stones were procured from the ruins of the Bastille. It consists of five arches, the total length of which is four hundred and sixty-one feet, by a breadth of sixty-one feet. It is not, however, the bridge itself, but the ornaments which decorate it, and other objects, which fix the admiration of the spectator. Along the parapets are placed twelve colossal figures of distinguished personages in white marble, executed by various sculptors. Among these figures are those of Turenne, Bayard, Colbert, Condé, Cardinal Richelieu, Sully, and Duquesne. The effect produced by this double line of statues is greatly enhanced by the decorations in front of the Chamber of Deputies, which fronts the entrance to the bridge on the farther side of the Seine. This edifice exhibits a row of twelve lofty Corinthian columns, surmounted by a pediment, and based on a deep flight of steps nearly a hundred feet in breadth. This elegant front of what was once the Palais Bourbon is considered one of the finest specimens of architecture in the French capital. At the foot of the steps, upon side pedestals eighteen feet in elevation, are colossal statues of Justice, Strength, Navigation, the Arts, Sciences, and Commerce. These figures, which are executed in white marble, and in sitting postures, resemble representations of ancient Romans in their *toga*, and harmonise finely in the distance with the marble statues on the bridge.

The Place Louis XV., when I visited it, was in the course of improvement, and in a few years it will be a highly ornamental octagonal area; yet, though partially confused with rubbish, it did not fail to excite in my mind more acute sensations than those which were produced by a sight of the most gorgeous structures. I could not but recollect that it was on this spot that the unfortunate Louis XVI. suffered death on the 21st of January 1793; and that here, also, perished his not less unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette, on the 16th of October the same year. Here, likewise, many other victims of revolutionary vengeance met their death by the guillotine, and among others, Louis Philippe Joseph Duke of Orleans, Danton, Camille-Desmoulins, Anacharsis Clootz, Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., the infamous Robespierre, St Just, Dumas, and more than a hundred of less note, yet of greater consequence than the thousands who suffered under the guillotine in the Place de Greve—a locality fully more than a mile distant to the east, in front of the Hotel de Ville. And strange to say, here on the very same spot, in 1814, was erected an altar to consecrate with religious honours the triumph of the allies, and the restoration of the Bourbons. Surely no spot in the capital of France is so full of interest from historical associations, and none is so surrounded with so many objects of architectural grandeur.

From the Place Louis XV., the stranger may enjoy a delightful walk along the north bank of the Seine, in the direction of St Cloud and Versailles, or along the avenue de Neuilly, through the centre of the Champs Elysées, towards the triumphal arch at the extremity of these ornamented grounds. This arch is the largest edifice of the kind ever erected in ancient or modern times. It is absolutely overwhelming in its hugeness, and the stranger is lost in the inquiry how such an amount of capital and labour could have been expended in the erection of a structure not devoted to any purpose of utility whatsoever. I cannot pretend to describe this extraordinary work of art as it ought to be described. At present, its exterior sculpture and ornaments are secluded by temporary erections, and in the course of being finished. This ninth wonder of the world, as it may be called, was begun at the expense of the city of Paris in 1806, to commemorate the triumphs of Napoleon. The idea of commemorating Bonaparte's feats was afterwards abandoned; and now, from a row of entablatures and inscriptions at its summit, it seems to be dedicated to a series of battles of the French armies, beginning with those of Valmy and Jemappe. Possibly, before it is finished, it may be devoted to the commemoration of quite different events. The principal fronts of the edifice measure one hundred and thirty-three feet high by one hundred and thirty-four feet broad, which produces very nearly a square form, though such is the delusion of the eye, that the height seems greater than the breadth, a circumstance no doubt wisely calculated upon by the architect. The sides of the edifice measure sixty-seven feet in breadth. In the centre there is a grand arch forty-four feet in breadth and ninety-two feet in height, and two transverse arches which intersect it are twenty-five feet and a half in breadth, and fifty-six in height. The vaults of the arches are finely decorated with carved work, and the exterior is ornamented with numerous allegorical figures, of which the French appear to be re-

markedly found. This monument, which is now in the course of completion at the expense of the government, is of the most beautiful fresh-water limestone. When finished, it will form one of the most majestic ornaments of Paris. Nothing can be more commanding than the situation in which it is placed, or more magnificent than the view of which it forms a part.

SIGNAL INSTANCE OF ENGLISH FORTITUDE.

IN the year 1709, when the British forces were in Spain, Alicante, a place of great importance, was besieged by an army of 12,000 men. As this city and castle had been taken by the remarkable valour of the British seamen, so the siege of it afterwards, when the English defended it, was one of the most remarkable actions in this age. The following is a succinct account of the whole affair, from the time the place was invested, till its surrender:—

Alicante is a city and port commanded by a strong castle, standing on a rock at a small distance from the sea, and about sixty-eight miles south from the capital city of Valencia. There was in it a good garrison, under the command of Major-General Richards, which made an obstinate defence against a very numerous army of the enemy, with a very large train of heavy artillery, and excellently supplied with ammunition. At last, the city being absolutely untenable, the garrison resolved to retire into the castle, which had hitherto been esteemed impregnable. They sunk three cisterns in the solid rock, and then with incredible labour filled them with water. The troops that retired into it were Sir Charles Hotham's regiment, and that of Colonel Sibourg, generally called the French regiment, because it was composed of refugees. After some progress made in this second siege, the French saw that it was impossible to do any great matter in the usual way, and therefore, contrary to all expectation, resolved upon a work, excessively laborious, and in all outward appearance, impracticable; which was that of mining through the solid rock, in order to blow up the castle and its garrison into the air together. At first, Major-General Richards, and all the officers in the place, looked upon the enemy's scheme as a thing impossible to be accomplished, and were secretly well pleased with their undertaking, in hopes it would give time for their fleet to come to their relief; yet this did not hinder them from doing all that lay in their power to incommode the workmen, and at last to countermine them.

The besiegers, however, wrought so incessantly, and brought such numbers of peasants to assist them in their labours, that they having, in about twelve weeks' time, finished the works for this service, and charged them with 1500 barrels of powder, and other materials of destruction, summoned the castle to surrender on March 2d, most solemnly assuring a safe and honourable convey to Barcelona, with bag and baggage for every person in it, if they submitted within three days, and prevented the ruin of the castle; but threatened otherwise, no mercy should be shown if any accidentally escaped the blow. To demonstrate the reality of their design, they desired the garrison might depute three or more engineers, with other gentlemen of competent skill, to view their works, and make a faithful report of what they saw. Accordingly, two field-officers went to the mine, and were allowed the liberty of making what scrutiny they pleased; upon which they told the governor, that if their judgment failed them not, the explosion would carry up the whole castle to the easternmost battery, unless it took vent in their own countermine or vein; but at least they conceived it would carry away the sea battery, the lodging rooms in the castle close, some of the chambers cut for soldiers' barracks, and, they very much feared, might affect the great cistern.

A grand council of war was called upon this, the French message delivered, and the engineers made their report; the besieged acknowledged their want of water, but believing the fleet might be sensible of their distress, and consequently under some concern for their relief, their unanimous resolution was, to commit themselves to the providence of God, and whatever fate attended them, to stand the springing of the mine. The French general and Spanish officers expressed the utmost concern at this answer, and the second night of the three allowed, sent to divert them from what they called, and it is very likely thought, inexcusable obstinacy, offering the same honourable articles as before, even upon that late compliance; but these still were rejected by the besieged. The fatal third night approaching, and no fleet seen, the French sent their last summons, and withal an assurance that their mine was primed, and should be sprung by six o'clock the next morning; and though, as they saw, all hope and prospect of relief was vain, yet there was room for safety still, and the terms already proposed were in their power to accept. The besieged persisted in their adherence to the result of the first council, and the French met their usual answer again; therefore, as a prologue to their intended tragedy, they ordered all the inhabitants of that quarter to withdraw from their houses before five o'clock the ensuing morning. The besieged, in the meantime, kept a general guard, devoting themselves to their meditations. The Major-General, Colonel Sibourg, and Lieutenant-Colonel Thornicroft, of Sir Charles Ho-

tham's regiment, sat together in the governor's usual lodging room; other officers cantoned themselves as their tempers inclined them, to pass the melancholy night.

At length day appearing, the governor was informed that the inhabitants were flying in crowds to the westernmost part of the town; the governor, attended by the above-mentioned gentlemen, and about five or six other officers, went to the west battery, to inform himself better. After he had remained there about a quarter of an hour, Lieutenant-Colonel Thornicroft desired him to remove, as being unable to do any service there: he and Colonel Sibourg answered, that no danger was to be apprehended there, more than in any other place; that there they would wait the event. The lieutenant-colonel remained because his superiors did, and other officers imitated the same example; but the hour of five being now considerably past, the corporal's guard cried out that the train was fired, observing some smoke from the lighted matches, and other combustible matter near it, from whence the same ascended to the sentinels above. The governor and field-officers were then urged to retreat, but refused.

The mine at last blew up; the rock opened and shut; the whole mountain felt the convulsion; the governor and field-officers, with their company, ten guns, and two mortars, were buried in the abyss; the walls of the castle shook, part of the great cistern fell, another cistern almost closed, and the rock shut a man to his neck in its cliff, who lived many hours in that afflicting posture. About thirty-six sentinels and women were swallowed in different quarters, whose dying groans were heard, some of them after the fourth mournful day. Many houses of the town were overwhelmed in their ruins, and the castle suffered much: but that it wears any form at all, was owing to the vent which the explosion forced through the veins of the rock, and the countermine. After the loss of the chief officers, the government fell of course to Lieutenant-Colonel D'Albon, of Sibourg's regiment, who drew out a detachment from the whole garrison, and with it made a desperate sally, to show how little he was moved at their thunder. The bombs from the castle played on the town more violently, and the shot galled every corner of their streets; which marks of their resentment they continued till the arrival of our fleet, which they had expected so long.

The Spanish and French historians speak of this action with all imaginable regard to the gallant defence made by the besieged, and the Spaniards called the ruined castle the monument of English courage. In the present day, under a more enlightened intelligence, we can only lament that kindred nations should ever have abandoned themselves so far to the dominion of the lower propensities of our nature, as to have come into such deadly and unhappy collision.

FAIR IN HINDOSTAN.

It is not an easy matter (says Skinner, in his *Excursions in India*) to describe the singular scene that is exhibited at the fair of Hurdwar, where the Hindoos assemble in countless multitudes, to combine, as they every where contrive so admirably to do, their spiritual and temporal pursuits. For several miles before we reached it, we had passed thousands of people in every description of vehicle hastening towards it. They were of all ages, all costumes, and all complexions: no spot upon earth can produce so great a variety of the human race at one assemblage, and it would be impossible to enumerate the articles of different sorts, or even the countries that produce them, offered for sale in the streets. The merchants in their own languages praise their own commodities, and make a confusion of tongues highly bewildering to a learned pundit, but to a European "confusion worse confounded." There are horses from all parts of the globe, elephants, camels, and buffaloes, cows and sheep of every denomination, thickly crowded together; dogs, cats, and monkeys, leopards, bears, and cheaters; sometimes the cubs of a tigress, and always from the elk to the mouse-deer, every species of that animal. Shawls from Cashmere, and woollen cloths from England, are displayed on the same stall; coral from the Red Sea, agate from the Guzzarat, precious stones from Ceylon, gums and spices from Arabia, assafoetida and rose-water from Persia, brought by each country to the mart, lie by the side of watches from France, pickles from China, sauces from England, and perfumes from Bond Street and the Rue St Honore. I have seen a case of French rouge, and henna for the fingers of an eastern fair, selling in adjoining booths: antimony to give languor to an Oriental eye, and all the embellishments of a European toilet! In roaming through the fair, you are amused by the tricks of the eastern jockeys: here one is ambling on a richly caparisoned horse, with necklaces of beads and bangles of silver, displaying his paces with the utmost dexterity; another is galloping as hard as he can, to show how admirably he can bring him on his haunches; while a third lets his horse loose, and calls him by a whistle, to prove his docility. Elephants and camels are exhibiting at the same time their several graces and accomplishments; while a Persian, with a brood of the beautiful cats of his country, stands quietly by to attract you with his quadrupeds, if you should fail in making a bargain for the larger ones. The dealers invariably ask ten times as much as they mean to take,

and vary their demands as they gather from your countenance your anxiety or indifference for the purchase. It is not uncommon for a horse-dealer to fail, in the course of a few moments, in his demand, from ten to one thousand rupees. When the bargain is about to be concluded, the buyer and the seller throw a cloth over their hands, and, naming a price, ascertain by the pressure of certain joints how nearly they are making towards its termination. By this means, in the midst of a crowd, they deal in secret; and it is laughable to see, through an affected air of carelessness, how deeply they are interested. During their great attention to worldly matters, they are not forgetful of the grand object of the Hurdwar meeting: crowds succeeding crowds move all day towards the Ghaut, and no minute of the twenty-four hours passes without being marked by the rites of the worship of the Ganges; the devout bathers of all sexes assemble in thousands, and perform their ablutions with so perfect a sincerity and indifference to appearance, that they seem nearly ignorant whether they are clad or not. The Ghaut presents as singular and motley a sight as the fair itself: Europeans lounging on the backs of elephants to witness the bathing—Brahmins busy in collecting the tribute—religious mendicants displaying every species of indelicacy and distortion—and Christian ministers anxiously and industriously distributing to the pilgrims copies of the Scriptures, translated into their various languages. Some of these excellent men—for no difficulty or labour stays them in their heavenward course—sit in the porches of the temples, with baskets of tracts by their sides, giving them to all who approach.

LINES

ON SENDING OUT TO HIS PARENTS IN A DISTANT COLONY, A LITTLE BOY WHO HAD BEEN LEFT AN INFANT WITH HIS RELATIVES IN THIS COUNTRY.

The guardians of his infant days

Yield to a higher right:

The hour arrives, the vessel weighs,

That bears him from our sight.

But ere she stretches to the deep,

He, wondering, weeping, sinks to sleep.

At morn, no loved familiar face

His waking hour attends;

No well-known object can he trace,

Nor hear the voice of friends,

Who, from the dawn of childhood dim,

Had still been all the world to him.

Nor can he, from the deck, see more

The castle with its towers,

The dome-crowned hill, the winding shore

The gardens and their flowers.

His eye now rests on nothing, save

The flying cloud and rolling wave.

But lighter feelings soon find scope

To chase the transient gloom,

And wonder, fancy, gladness, hope,

Their wonted way resume.

Grief no abiding place can find

Within the buoyant infant mind.

He scans the secrets of his ark,

He loves the deck to roam;

And soon that lone and little bark

Becomes to him a home.

The waste of waters and the sky

No longer strike his startled eye.

The sailors love him—as he runs,

Smile at his merry falls;

While some will sigh for little ones,

Whose image he recalls;

And kind to him, feel as if kind

To those they love and leave behind.

And still to love him, that is all

Our portion in him now,

Fixed by what memory will recall

Or fancy may allow:

Far from his fathers' distant shore,

He can return to us no more.

We see him wonder, as arose

The enchanted castle's wall,

Or laugh at all the comic woes

Which Gilpin did befall:

Or mourn the fatal arrow sped

That stretched Cock Robin with the dead.

We hear him say those little hymns

So simple and sincere,

Or gaily chaunt the nursery rhymes

To childhood ever dear.

In all his lisping words a grace

We almost grieved time should efface.

While evening deepens into gloom

To tell the tale oft told;

To watch the flowers of fancy bloom,

Or reason's buds unfold;

To mark the good and true imprint

Upon his young and artless breast.

These were our pleasures and our cares,

Which others now must know;

If He who or destroys or spares,

Shall overrule it so—

May He control the tempest's force,

And guide the vessel in her course.

And though by nature called away

To a new home of joy,

Oft may his thoughts to usward stray,

Our little wandering boy.

Yet be no shade of sorrow cast

O'er his fond memory of the past.

Column for the Boys.

I HAVE hitherto addressed you more in a tone of light familiarity, and with a view to your entertainment, than of sober advice. I have now, however, to say a few words to you—especially to those whose age approaches manhood—on a subject which ought to engage your more serious consideration. I mean the necessity of self-dependence. Little as the experience has been which many of you have had in the world, and few as may be the books which you have perused, you can hardly have failed to learn this one great and startling truth, that nothing is to be obtained, no comfort procured, no luxury or convenience possessed, without being previously purchased by exertion. Young as you are, you will have noticed that your parents do not get money wherewith to purchase the necessities of life, without giving something in return. Your father has fed and clothed you from your infancy; he has given you an education suited to his means; he has bestowed upon you an infinite degree of attention, in order to fit you for the busy scenes of life; and when he has done all this, at a great expense both of his substance and his feelings, he cannot be expected to do more, farther than to give his best advice for your welfare.

Being now nurtured up to that point at which you are able to endure to a certain extent the withdrawal of parental support, you must not think it hard to be obliged to begin to do something for yourself. You only find yourself placed in the condition of every living creature. By an universal law of nature, the young of all animals are thrust forth from the parental nest on attaining sufficient strength to glean their own livelihood. The humble domestic hen reads mankind a useful lesson, by pecking at its young, and leaving them to their own resources, when they arrive at a certain maturity. Such, modified by human feelings and human customs, must likewise be the conduct of rational parents in pushing forth their families into the world, and so must young men commence the process of depending on their own faculties for subsistence. Judging from what we see around us, there is sometimes extremely little regard paid to the moral lesson demonstrated by nature for our guidance in this respect. We find parents committing the great error of allowing their families to hang about them long past the time at which they should have seen them placed out in the world, in some honest calling or profession—a course of policy calculated to produce lasting regret even among the tolerably opulent classes of society. But we much more frequently see the young endeavouring to avoid incurring the responsibility of self-dependence, and inhumanely leaning for support on those parents whose means have already been in a great measure exhausted, both by misfortunes and the unavoidable expenses incurred in feeding, educating, and clothing their children. It has always appeared to me to be an exceedingly mean thing for a young man to continue exacting support from parents after he was fully able to think and act for himself. There is, besides, an unfeeling cruelty in such conduct, for it is working on the benevolent affections of those who gave him birth, and committing a robbery with the knowledge that its perpetration will not be visited either by rebuke or punishment. It seems to be difficult to convince the young of the urgent necessity for dependence on themselves. Long after they are placed in a way of earning a livelihood, they often think it all little enough that they can take from the parental home. As long as a mother or father exists, and retains a dwelling for the junior or female branches of a family, they are apt to suppose that there can be no harm in taking a little of that which is required by others less capable of ministering to their own necessities. Even although the burden of supplying the general wants should have devolved upon an elder brother, who has been prematurely invested with the character of guardian of the family, there are instances in which young men think lightly of exacting subsidies and assistance in various ways from a household so circumstanced, for no other apparent reason than that they happen to be connected with it by birth, or because their demands cannot without indelicacy be withstood.

I would earnestly press upon you the conviction of the exceeding impropriety of a line of behaviour so ungenerous and unbecoming as that I have here hinted at. You are now, I would say, called upon to exert all your faculties in the noble object of self-dependence. You are endowed with a power to think, hands to work, and a frame to endure labour—why, then, depend on any one but yourselves? You will not, I hope, suppose that I wish you to be thrown all at once on your own resources. That would most likely be only abandoning you to certain moral destruction and much painful suffering. What I propose is, that you should make up your minds to enter on some trade or profession, and follow up your inclinations by a steady attention to whatever calling you may attach yourselves. You may not be able at first, or for a little while, to do much in the way of supporting yourselves; but then you are in the fair way of well-doing. There is an exquisite pleasure in knowing that the money which we spend has been earned by our own exertions. One shilling gained by our own industry is always said to be worth twenty procured from friends. What we get for nothing is thought lightly of, but we know well the value of what has come in the shape of a remuneration for our labours.

Many young people have exceedingly ridiculous notions about the choice of a profession. Carried away by the glitter of uniforms and the splendid pageantry of the soldier's life, nothing will please them short of entering the army; or, perhaps, carried away by the narration of maritime adventures, they resolve on following the hazardous profession of the sailor. But a very little experience of the realities of life generally banishes these idle dreams. Others pitch upon the clerical profession as most suitable to their ideas of living an easy and dignified existence, and enjoying the reverence of those around them, without reckoning on whether their parents or guardians are able in the first place to procure them the necessary course of education, or if they would subsequently have the good fortune to find a benefice. Many more equally delude themselves with regard to what are called professions. As a matter of course, they must be something better, though only in appearance, than their father; and so they frequently turn their attention to occupations which to them look remarkably genteel, but which all the world besides know to be superficial and unprofitable. The young in the middle and lower ranks of society—for it is to them I am principally addressing myself—should by all means be governed in these matters by their seniors, for they are certainly the best judges with respect to what particular department of industry they should attach themselves.

From my own experience of the world, it does not appear that it is of much consequence what the trade or business is to which the young may be put after leaving school. The main thing to be acquired consists in habits of industry and self-denial; and if these be secured by a certain course of probation, all other advantages follow naturally. It is by diligence and integrity alone that fortune and fame arise, and both can be exerted upon a thousand different objects of pursuit. It is nevertheless certain that many boys have a peculiar turn or genius for particular businesses. One displays a mechanical turn; another is inclined to a mercantile pursuit; and a third is of a studious disposition. These and other similar tendencies will of course govern both yourselves and your parents in the choice of professions; all that I can do here is to give you a few hints for your consideration. In the first place, try to attach yourself to a business that is of extensive application, and promises to last long. Avoid professions that will fasten you to a spot, or to a country. Let it be one that will give you support wherever you may chance to proceed. Avoid also sinking professions: catch the tone and tendency of society, and seek to float down the stream of general utility. You can never go far wrong in following a trade, the assistance of which all mankind require. For instance, every branch of business connected with public instruction is at present rising, and will still farther be extended all over the world. All the useful arts are likewise extending themselves, while those of a contrary nature are becoming more limited. The two worst professions which can now be followed, it will be allowed, are the clerical and legal. It is clear that there will very soon be a complete reformation in the law both of England and Scotland, and what now costs us many pounds will most likely by and bye be executed for a few shillings. I therefore consider the law a very bad profession, and that not only prospectively, but at the present moment, for it is greatly overdone, and too limited in its scope. The profession of a clergyman is still worse. No one can foresee how this profession is in time to be regulated; that is to say, on what footing an aspirant is to stand in relation to his settlement in a charge. But allowing that there will be no change in this respect, please to remember how many probationers are in a state approaching to destitution. It is calculated that in Scotland there are seven or eight hundred young men educated for the church, and ready for situations in it, while the vacancies are somewhere about thirty in the year. This melancholy state of things reminds me of an incident which lately occurred. During the last twelve months, I happened to be one of the patrons of the churches in Edinburgh; and on the occasion of a vacancy, I was applied to by a person in middle life for my vote in his favour. The application struck me as remarkable. The applicant had sat with me on the same bench at school twenty-three years ago, and during the whole of that interval he had not advanced a single step in the world. When about eighteen years of age, he had left an useful trade, in order to learn Latin and become a minister. He did become a minister, but here was the result. After enduring a very hard fate for twenty-three years, he was still, though possessing good abilities, unprovided for. To my great regret, he was an unsuccessful candidate, and when he may get a living no one can tell.

So much for the choice of a profession. I shall suppose that at the age of fourteen or fifteen you are at length fixed in some line of business. Your situation is now exceedingly critical. You are the servant of a master, and it is absolutely necessary you should go through this course of servitude, to fit you for being some day a master yourself. You will perhaps be called on to do a good deal of dirty work, and to execute many orders not very agreeable to your pride. But go through all with alacrity and cheerfulness. Show willingness to do what you are bid; for, next to honesty and steadiness, there is nothing which

masters like so much as willingness. If ever you show unwillingness, you are undone. If you be honest, steady, and willing, there is no fear of your success. We often hear a great many complaints about people not being able to find employment. A number of these complaints are certainly too well founded; but I can tell you, that masters have a far greater difficulty in getting trustworthy servants and assistants, than servants and assistants have in getting good masters. Men in business in large towns generally prefer apprentices from the country. The reason for this is, that country boys are considered to be more honest and steady than town boys. They possess at least greater self-denial. They have not the misfortune to be known by genteel people, and therefore they do not "think shame" to be seen doing their masters' work. This gives country boys an immense advantage over town boys, for an acquaintance with the higher ranks is often as dangerous to a boy as association with the dregs of the community. The fewer acquaintances of any kind you have, so much the better.

While you are young, and in the capacity of an apprentice, I would advise you to make a point of going straight home every evening when your day's labour is over. Avoid above all things apouting-clubs, theatres, horse-races, and all similar places of mountebank entertainment. They only tend to blunt the moral feelings, and to bring you into contact with individuals of a loose way of thinking. I once knew a young man with excellent prospects who was completely ruined by attendance at a fencing-school. There was nothing wrong in the fencing; but the learning of this accomplishment brought him into contact with frivolous, idle, and dissipated young men, who vitiated his naturally good habits, and were otherwise the means of deeply injuring him. Take up any biographical dictionary of distinguished characters, and you will not find a single person who attained celebrity by attending places of grovelling amusement. You will discover that among some thousands of individuals, a very large proportion became eminent by private study during the intervals of their daily labour—that is, by informing their minds at leisure hours after they left school. Private reading, attendance at schools of arts, and lectures on the sciences, ought to be your main resources in this respect. It is astonishing how much useful knowledge a boy may acquire in the midst of privations and difficulties. It is at the same time astonishing how far a boy may contribute to his own support, even although possessing but a small weekly wage, provided he be animated with the wish to do well. Read the life of Benjamin Franklin, and see what he accomplished. I adopted Franklin as my model when I entered upon a profession. I tried to follow all his rules. My weekly wage was for some years only four shillings. Off this sum I paid eighteen pence for my lodgings; other two shillings supplied me in food; and I generally contrived to lay past the remaining sixpence for contingent expenses. I lived thus for several years, for I had resolved not to be burdensome to my parents, who lived in the country, and had suffered many misfortunes. All my spare hours I spent in reading; and from poring over Franklin, and a volume of an old encyclopedia, I became possessed with the notion of constructing an electrical apparatus, which I at length accomplished by the aid of my spare sixpences and some tools. I mention these things merely to show how much may be done by a boy of fifteen or sixteen years of age. I do not imagine I reaped any material advantage from studying the science of electricity; but I can now perceive that this species of rational recreation, as well as my desultory reading, were at least negatively beneficial. I was preserved from the society of acquaintances of my own age, and that I reckon to have been a great point gained. There were no schools of arts in these days, and few useful works were accessible to the young. What an extraordinary change is now effected in society! How thankful ought you to be for rising into maturity in an age in which every description of useful knowledge is brought within your reach!

It is possible, that, by attempting to follow these simple rules of conduct, you may encounter a little ridicule among thoughtless young persons. But do not allow a thing so insignificant to disturb your arrangements. Neither be discouraged because you see many boys better off, with finer clothes, finer friends, and more pocket-money, than you are blessed with. We are told on the best authority that the "race is not to the swift, neither is the battle to the strong." There is a curious see-saw motion continually going forward in society, by which the poor are rising and the rich as regularly sinking. I have known many young men who were left fortunes by their fathers, who are now in a state of beggary, or worse; while I see as many about me in the respectable walks of life whose origin was as poor as your own, whatever that may have been; and that enviable station you will undoubtedly reach, by following the admonitions here and elsewhere given for your government.

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